Empire
Wicked Tongue of Raven

A coiled measure of old skin and bone
blossoms in the desert. And the raven
speaks in the temple.In a thicket of sky
and century of knives his harlot is thrown
down to join him. Seven coins in my pocket
and moon in my house I rise on this sea set
before me.

You speak your words so carlesly a materpiece of lies.
The friut you crave the wine you drink, your such a
clever harlot. The merchants of the earth will weep
your fields will turn to stone. Babylon will fall once
more, the walls you build are crumbling. No coffee
here no cigarettes there's hemlock on my shoes.
Your kingdom sits against itself. Babylon is falling.

And from a bed of dust, a flitting sparrow with smooth
lips that boast of many things. An abomination that
listens not and delivers nothing. Flowers of chaos blossom
in a caremel crescent of chocolate midnight. A leopard with

razor teeth waits with a hand of battle and fingers for war.
A swarm of locusts that have no king. And in a final hour of
feedom, and fierce state of dawn the earth belongs to them.

In a razor blade of slipper moon upon this long night of knives.
False kings rise like flies from the refuse. Spirograph thieves in
a nettle of night that string the harp of war with arrows to reach
all places. A sea of glass in a jasper of sky, the ground that you
walk on condems you.

In a chime of haze and thorn, the court of jackel midnight falls
upon a crooked throw of river in the place were dead thing gather.
Then in a wild show of eastern wind and house of clouds, the cat eye
dawn sings up the wicked tongue of raven as a tangle of copper pennies
rolls across the wooden floor of sorrow. Click of hand and turn of fan,
bread and circus in this land that no one leaves.

The pale stone of memory bleeds in the seven seals of your eyes, as
a sea of white horses thunder into the final black stretch of Febuary
and we drink from the cup of the new world horror.

Over a draw of brown earth the bells of St. Andrew float across a meadow of scarlet and an impossible collection of bones. At the end of the square a clutter of crows shutter in a confusion of floweres, under a narcotic crises of sky and needle of camel hair. As a passing rib of knives brush uncombed dream and Noahs raven lands upon a throne of crimson and tosses a line into the pierced pool of human history.

Upon a flood of tears and finger of guilt sits a palace of serpants in a of disbelief. Enthroned in a pillar of gate and voice of thunder, stands the mouth of a leopard with bells of cursed coin and pockets for blood money.I have begun to bleed and shall not stop. My bones are consmed and my house is no longer. I have become a deep well that holds no water.

A palace of serpants in a land of disbelief.